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The Oldest and Newest Thought in the Line of Progress

Vol. XXXII. No. 1

JANUARY, 1914

Price Ten Cents



The science of life shall unveil the hidden mysteries of the past, that the world may see and receive the truth, as its rays pierce the darkness about them.

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# The Stellar Ray

A MAGAZINE FOR THINKERS

Published Monthly at Detroit, Michigan, by

**ASTRO PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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HENRY CLAY HODGES, Editor and Publisher

MRS. EMMA HODGES WILLIAMSON, Assistant Editor.

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**VOL. XXXII.**

**JANUARY, 1914**

**No. 1**

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## THE GREAT QUESTION

"Some are born to honor, and others to dishonor ;  
some to wealth and others to want ; some in the  
midst of crime, ignorance and sorrow, others en-  
vironed in happy condittons.

When and where is the law of compensation applied  
to equalize these conditions, or why should these  
things be ?"

H. Cr H.

Answered in

## SCIENCE AND KEY OF LIFE PLANETARY INFLUENCES

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HENRY CLAY HODGES

A twentieth century work of vital importance, wherein is given  
a solution of the Problems of Life

## EDITORIALS

### The Antiquity of Astrology

H. C. Hodges.

(Continued from December Number)

#### Great Spirits or Principles Back of the Planets

**M**ANY races have come and gone; different civilizations have arisen and decayed; various religions have manifested and disappeared in the world, or have in the course of time been altered or changed, but the signs of the Zodiac remain unchanged, and their symbology is the same today as when the first teachers gave forth to the world that wisdom which was to form a great part of the knowledge for the evolving of the human race.

In the ancient tombs and temples of Egypt and India are found signs of the Zodiac. Though the Zodiac and planetary symbols have existed always, the great Zoroastrian religion was based entirely upon the esthetic, or spiritual part of astrology; it was not taught as a science but as a religion, the great spirits or principles of good and so-called evil were worshipped, not the planets themselves, but the influence back of them. We can realize that the influence then was as active as today, but the conditions of the world were different then than now.

It was a religion which has never been equalled, so far as the devotional element in it was concerned. It dominated its adherent's life, not a religion that may be taken up and laid aside at will, but actually permeated the whole life, and no matter how engrossed with worldly matters the people were, they always found time for the worship of those great spiritual influences, and followed closely the tables of planetary hours for worship or for whatever was to be done, the tables indicating when the planetary influences were conducive to mediation and concentration.

Their religion was carried into all departments of life, and the schools for the education of their children were conducted upon the same principle. A different training would be given to a child born under the



influence of Saturn, than one born under the influence of Mars; and the schools were divided into different classes, corresponding to the different planetary influences under which they were manifesting. At the birth of a child a priest was called, and the figure was cast so that they were able to tell from the time of birth the predominating planetary influence on any child, and thus determine the course of training best calculated to draw out its latent characteristics, and they found that by gathering the same types of children together they could make more rapid progress than when indiscriminately mixed.

All who came under the various influences of the planets were taught separately, a child of Venus was never taught in a Saturn class, but they were all educated as their disposition and temperament rendered necessary; but one great error as we would now express it was made, and that was in keeping the knowledge and wisdom among the few; in time the priests or teachers became corrupt, and used their knowledge to impose upon the people to work out selfish motives, thus changed affairs to suit themselves, and the result we already know, the effect upon this divine science, to say nothing of its effect upon the human race.

There were temples dedicated to the seven planets in which were held festivals. There was also one great temple dedicated to the Sun, and no grander sight could be seen than the vast multitude of people at sunrise engaged in the worship, not of the outward image of the great solar god, but of the infinite power back of this great solar planet through which the Sun was the medium of its reflection. They realized that the Sun with its dazzling light and genial warmth, was but the outward manifestation of an infinite power of good.

The Chaldean religion, similar to the Zoroastrian, appealed to the devotional element in man and woman, and they were a most peaceful and contented people. In the meetings at the various temples, manifestations occurred from the life of spirit; men and women long disembodied appeared to them; those who were specially concerned with the evolution of that particular race of people. Many who were suffering from physical ailments were brought there to be healed, though sickness and ill-health were rare occurrences, for the reason that the people lived very close to the law of God. With the coming down of the darkness of materialism, the knowledge and wisdom of those days have been lost to humanity, and during the past few centuries men have not really known to what God to turn for aid.

Those who will carefully study the different religions of the world, will see that the one that succeeded in producing among its adherents Harmony and Purity, had its place in the evolution of the human race, though it was wholly builded on these planetary influences which the majority of humanity criticise and condemn today.

## THE STELLAR RAY



VER and over it is asked by the anxious soul why were we brought into existence? What the objects and purposes of life? And if the whole is the result of divine creation, why were we not perfected in the first instance, and thus saved much misery and sorrow?

First, briefly summarizing a reply to these queries, we are evolving self-consciousness as free agents, that we may become self-reliant and self-perfected beings. Issuing first as a divine substance from The Logos, it has passed through the mineral kingdom, upon one of the different globes, then passing in essence through to another of the globes, as the ensouling essence of the vegetable kingdom, and finally evolving as the animated essence of the animal world, from which condition, after various specializations, it at least begins to separate into particles, which have in each a distinct and definite purpose of its own.

Then began in the distant past, a struggle for separateness and self-consciousness, as apart from the consciousness of the many combined, and into each separate entity came combinations and experiences, which marked it off from its companions, and gave a self-centering, which has been going on among the majority through the ages until today, each ego sending forth ray after ray, indrawing and outpouring numberless times, to gain the experiences needed, each withdrawal being considered by the personality as a death, whereas it was in reality but a change of state or condition, until the perfected ray should some day realize that it was not separated from its higher or divine self, but merely for the time being, the servant, or reaper of what had been sown.

Therefore when we have unfolded to that condition, where we can realize that life is continuous, never beginning, never ending, and death but a change necessary for a new set of experiences, we can better understand why we come under a set of influences which guide and govern our character and actions.

In order to better understand the oversoul or spirit within, we must watch closely its action upon the physical world, during its limited manifestation: We each will to do, and the result is an act, either by speech or deed. This principle is at the root of our being, and is the central point in us, and is the most involved of all principles. It is so much involved in many that, in fact, even its existence is denied; yet it is latent or sleeping there, and only waits unfolding of the consciousness, when it can respond to the vibrations of the oversoul. Without the Sun, all would be dark and void; without the consciousness of the spirit in us, we are poor, weak mortals, realizing naught of life's realities and possibilities.

In many this spirit has been crushed, owing to its rebellion against the oversoul, but when united to wisdom, its direction is in harmony with the one great law.

The spirit is in everything. In the mineral it is bound in the rocks and stones; in the metal it is the sound; in the flower, the scent and color. We cannot see either sound nor scent, but we know they are there in reality. The sound is latent until it obtains contact from without to awaken it. And so with the scent of flowers. We can only perceive its excellence in proportion as our sense of smell is keen. The same spirit is manifest in the music of the birds, and the instinct of the animal, and finally we come to that immortal spirit in humanity, which is daily climbing nearer its own specialized individualization. Then we find that the art of divine magic consists in the ability to perceive the essence of things in the light of nature, and, by using the soul powers of the spirit, to produce material things from the unseen universe; and in such operation the above and below must be brought together, and made to act harmoniously.

The spirit of nature is a unity, creating and forming everything, and, by acting through the instrumentality of mankind, it may produce most wonderful things. Such processes take place according to a universal law, and we may learn the law by which these things are accomplished, if we truly learn to know ourselves.

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### There is No Such Thing as Self-sacrifice



It is not within the limits of human expression to sacrifice itself for the good of all, although the religions of the world are built upon this false idea. Their Buddahs, Christs and saints suffer ignominious physical deaths, are buried beneath tidal waves of despotism, lost on the sea of human consciousness, and again cast upon the shores of time where they are idealized as wearing haloes of light and as dwelling in realms of eternal bliss.

This is explained by the truth, that somewhere in the higher consciousness of man dwells the instinctive knowledge that the individual becomes superior through service to others; and as his intelligence comes to accept the plane of reason and action which he once repudiated, his sense of justice bestows honor upon those who suffered the persecutions

of past ignorance, and so has the idea of self-sacrifice come to be an ideal of Godliness.

The truth, however, is that each voluntary or premeditated act of pure service for others, is ever that soul's recognition of its true relation to its fellow beings, and it attracts to itself marvelous sustenance, strength and courage fulfilling the mystic saying, "He who would lose his life shall find it."

No such thing as self-sacrifice possible! does some one exclaim? Is not Motherhood the embodiment of this idea?

We reply that the soul of motherhood has ever recognized the unity of life and moves in harmony with the laws governing all creative power. It has been asserted that the processes of life extension in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms are through a law of self-extinction, but the truth is that tree, plant and the green velvet sward, create their progeny through God power; the minerals, in the sanctity of the earth's laboratories, evolve their precious gems and their vast and varied products through the God powers of being.

This ever recurring lesson of joyous service is shown in all nature; the glad expression of its Godhood glows, buds, blossoms and bears fruit, from the modest violet to queenly human motherhood whose joyful service to her offspring verifies the truth that she has not sacrificed but has attained an hundred fold.

The idea of self-sacrifice must be transmuted into one of attainment through greater good for all. The doleful, repelling dirge of sacrificial blood is being transposed into a glad Hosannah of human achievement.

Holy Spirit Mysterious, All-pervading and Mighty, guide my being into pathways of the best good for all.

## Let There Be Light



WE are about to publish an important and interesting work containing a true history of the times of Moses and other scripture characters, quoting the Bible version, and disclosing the discrepancy between the facts as they were and those early scripture narratives.

This work reviews with rational insight and in a simple, concise style, the books of Genesis and Exodus, pointing to the fact that those writings had their inception in the minds of men of a primitive and ignorant age who wrote them in accordance with their limited knowledge and understanding.



Have those old scriptures assisted in the education of the human race, have they been useful in bringing the world to a higher standard of development, have they taught the higher conditions relating to life, or the truth as to an existence in that life which is the next step toward perfection? We may truthfully answer, No.

These errors must be eradicated, the world must live in the light, free from their contaminating influences, and recognizing the true God of Love and Wisdom, not as a God of jealousy or anger, but the one who doeth all things well.

We are confident that when this book is read without bias, it will unbind the fetters of superstition and assist humanity in its onward march to a higher state of evolution.

The reader cannot fail, to find these narratives deeply interesting, because of their lucid common-sense viewpoint, that of narrative pure and simple, devoid of superstition and mysticism.

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## Twentieth Century Forward Movements

Rev. Alfred F. Waldo, Riverside, Ill.

### 2. The Movement Toward the Spiritualizing of the Money Power.

In the first of this series of brief articles, "the advance movement in modern science" was considered. Can it also be shown that the spirit of the higher life is filtering through that which is material indeed—the money power.

Horace Bushnell, one of the clearest and strongest thinkers of the last century said, "The great problem we now have on is the Christianizing of the money power." Do the opening years of the twentieth century give promise of the problem's solution? It cannot be so argued from the fact that the benefactions vastly exceed any preceding period of equal duration, for the excess has scarcely kept

pace with the enormous increase of wealth.

Aside from the amount of these benefactions, however, there appears to be a distinguishing originality and uniqueness of purpose and character. Herein, if anywhere, lies the recent contribution to this problem.

Superficial critics complain that these multi-millions could be disposed of in a way more certain to bless men and honor God. Could they? Is it not rather true that the same penetrating insight into the nature of things which has equipped Nobel, and Rhodes, and Carnegie, and Rockefeller, and others like them, for the advanced achievements their names suggest, equips them also with correspondingly superior breadth and

depth and correctness of judgment for solving the complex and difficult problems of Philanthropy? The facts concerning the bequests of the last ten or twelve years would so denote.

For example: Alfred B. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, the most destructive explosive of war, gives for the promotion of peace (ironical as it may seem) as well also for encouraging literary excellence and scientific research in chemistry, physics, medicine, and surgery, his entire fortune, estimated at \$9,000,000. The result is instructive—every important discovery in every one of the foregoing departments during this century has been made by the beneficiaries of Nobel prizes!

Take the Cecil Rhodes Fund of \$10,000,000 to found Oxford scholarships for one hundred Americans, fifteen Germans, and from one to nine British colonists; how well adapted this fund (criticism to the contrary notwithstanding), to obliterate race prejudice and hasten "the parliament of man, the federation of the world?"

The increased number and magnitude of gifts for Christian Missions, of which John Stewart Kennedy's \$13,000,000 to Presbyterian benevolences may be mentioned as the most notable; the Carnegie bequests for libraries mounting up into the multimillions; the \$23,500,000 given by Carnegie to the School of Technology in Pittsburgh; the \$12,000,000 Carnegie Institute of Washington designed, in cooperation with other institutions, to encourage investigation and research, and to show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind; the Carnegie Hero Fund of \$5,000,000, created for the benefit of the dependents of persons sacrificing their lives to save others, or for the

heroes themselves when they survive the venture; the endowment by John D. Rockefeller of the General Educational Fund for promoting the education of American youth irrespective of race, sex, or creed; the Hookworm Commission to whose relief work he has given \$1,000,000; the Institute for Medical Research, New York, which he has established at an expense of \$8,240,000; and the plan in process of completion to incorporate his remaining resources when he dies into a great philanthropic fund, under the administration of a board of the best and wisest men obtainable, for the perpetual benefit of mankind—these gifts—for doing good, though of course not altogether free from some just criticism, nevertheless, it seems to the writer, are aimed, more accurately than is commonly perceived, to make knowledge, and its mind expanding benefits, and its ameliorating blessings, applicable to mankind at just those fundamental points whence they will automatically and universally diffuse themselves throughout the entire society of the human race for the purpose of saving, protecting, prolonging and enriching human life.

The mere surrender of wealth to charity is only one item in the spiritualizing of the money power; the element of the intelligent and economical distribution of it, in such a way as to make it available for the greatest good of the largest number for the longest time, also enters. And in the notable bequests of recent years these seems to be an originality and uniqueness of genius and wisdom, which justifies the conclusion, that the first thirteen years of the twentieth century have made a serious and substantial contribution toward the solution of the problem of philanthropy.

THE ETERNITY OF PERFECT-  
TION.

By Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

From the materialistic and individual concept of life and its operations it is pitiable and pathetic to view the wrecks along the shores of science. It is only when we view these apparently sad failures from the firm foothold of the unity of being and the operation of wisdom that we clearly see in these frictions, and warring elements, and temporary defeats and victories, the chemical operation of Eternal Spirit—operating with its **own substance**—its very self. It is only through the fires of transmutation that we are enabled to see that all life is One Eternal life and therefore cannot be taken, injured or destroyed.

The fitful, varying, changing beliefs of souls in the transition stage from the sleep and dreams of materialism to the realization of the Oneness of spirit show forth in a babel of words and theories a few of which I shall briefly consider.

**Evolution.**

The evolutionary concept has its starting point in the idea (a) that matter so-called, is a something separate from mind, intelligence or spirit. (b) That this matter had a beginning. (c) That it contains within itself the desire to progress or improve. And finally that the race is progressing, getting better, etc.

Against this assumption, I submit the proposition that the Universe, one, verse, always existed without beginning or ending and is and always has been absolutely perfect in all its **varied manifestations or operations.**

A machine is no better than its weakest part. If the self existing universe is weak or imperfect in any part it must of necessity always have been so. Having all the knowledge there is, being all, it is unthinkable that there is any imperfection anywhere. Everything we see, feel or taste or in any manner sense, is perfect substance, condensed or manifested from perfect elements—but all differ in their notes, vibrations or modes or rates of motion. A serpent is as perfect, therefore, as good as a man; without feet it outruns man, without hands it outclimbs the ape, and has been a symbol of wisdom through all the ages. Man is an evil thing to the serpent's consciousness as truly as a serpent is an evil thing to the man's consciousness. Neither are evil—nor good. They are different expressions of the "Play of the Infinite Will."

Wisdom—all there is—simply operates, manifests, expresses, forms or creates with itself. As wisdom is without beginning or end so are all its operations or manifestations without beginning or end.

If the race is constantly evolving to higher standards and loftier conceptions why send young men and women to Rome and Florence to study the "Old Masters"?

If man has evolved up from the "lower forms of life" (?) why has he spent so much time, money and brain energy in trying to do what these lower forms do?

The eagle must wonder, as it watches man's efforts and failures to

perfect his flying machine, how long it will be before he evolves up to the science of the birds, i. e., the science of flying.

Modern man is now taking his first lessons in condensing air while through unnumbered ages the spider has performed the miracle without first attending a school of chemistry.

Beneath the soil upon which falls the shadow of the throne of Menelik, the Abyssinian king, are layers and stratas of buried civilizations, and astronomers in China mapped the heavens, named the stars, calculated eclipses and the return of comets ages before Moses led the Hebrews out of bondage or the walls of Baalbeck cast a shade for the Arab and his camel.

The evidences and witnesses of the wisdom of men on earth hundreds of thousands of years ago confront the scientific investigator at every turn. Here the Rosetta Stone, and there the Inscribed Cylinder of Arioch or Statue of Gudea, king of Chaldea. Prophecies, inscribed on cuniform tablets of clay, foretelling the building

of the pyramids are brought to light by the excavator and the history of the Chinese empire, running back in links of an unbroken chain for one hundred and fifty thousand years, forever refute the theory of the "Descent of Man." Side by side with the ancient Asiatics who knew all that we today know, dwelt the crystal, the cell, the jelly-fish, the saurian, the ape and the cave-man. Side by side with the masons who could build arches of stone in ancient Yucatan that mock at time's ravages, lived and wrought the ant operating in its co-operative commonwealth still the dream of men. Side by side with the cave-men and cannibals dwells the spider whose operation in aerial elements is the despair of chemistry. And when Solomon's golden-spired temple illuminated the Holy City, or the temple of Babel grew towards the clouds, or the mound builders recorded their history in rock and soil, the eagle and the dove calmly floated in the air and wondered when men would evolve to their place in science. They are wondering still.

*To be continued.*

## Psychic Research

All Communications to the American Psychical Research Society should be addressed to Dr. James H. Hyslop, Tribune Bldg., New York

### MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF SPIRIT SUBSTANCE.

*By Cable to the New York Tribune.*

Berlin, Nov. 29.—Dr. von Schrenk Notzing, the greatest German expert in occult research, has just published a book on materialized phenomena which is likely to prove a world-wide

sensation. He does not pretend, as did William T. Stead, to establish communication with the other world, but he not only asserts that he has seen ghosts materialize but that he has even felt them and traced the substance of which they are composed, the source whence they came, and, with the help of the microscope,

has examined and analyzed the substance.

To substantiate his proofs he prints more than a hundred photographs in his book, all taken during his study of spiritualistic experiments. He worked for four years with a medium he calls Eva Young, a French girl, comfortably situated, who volunteered to act without pay in order to serve science.

#### **All Precautions Taken.**

The seances were in Paris, mostly at the house of Mme. Alexandre Bisson, wife of the well known playwright. Extraordinary precautions were taken by Dr. von Schrenk Notzing to avoid faking. The medium was often entirely nude in a room of the Bisson home, with nine cameras set at various angles, simultaneously exposed by flashlights to photograph her and the ghosts.

Dr. Notzing says most mediums depend upon sheets and clothes to produce ghostly effect. By means of the cinematograph he recorded a substance emanating from Eva Young and materializing into hands and feet and sometimes into full phantomatic figures.

To The Tribune correspondent Dr. Notzing said: "I claim to be able to establish such things as ghosts and spectres that come from Eva and from which the ghosts materialize and are restored by her. The substance varies apparently from a smokelike to a spider-web like mist, and sometimes has the appearance of a fine veil, damp and sticky to the touch. Microscopic examination shows it to be purely organic in character."

#### **Ordered Phantom to Move.**

The book contains a number of incidents of the seances. For instance: "A ball of white stuff appeared at the left of the medium, suddenly ma-

terializing into the face of a woman. At my request Eva ordered the phantom to take a position at the right side of her head, so that the cameras could take it simultaneously.

"After the flashlight was made the face of a beautiful woman, seemingly surrounded by a white veil, reappeared and advanced to the open front of the cabinet, and Eva commanded Mme. Bisson to clip a lock of the ghost's hair. I handed Mme. Bisson the scissors and Eva took her hand and carried it to the phenomenon.

"Mme. Bisson clipped a lock three inches long. Eva cried out, and the head disappeared in her direction and dissolved. Eva has brown hair, while the clipped lock was decidedly blonde."

The book gives the result of an analysis of Eva's hair and the ghost's hair, showing them to be very different, not only in color but in fibre and structure.

Dr. Notzing expects his theory to be vigorously attacked, but, being a scientist, he is entirely open to argument.

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### **DID HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT RETURN?**

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#### **Italy Hemperly.**

The following story was related in the presence of several friends by Mr. William Riley Boyd, a well-known gentleman of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Boyd was beloved by all who knew him and spent the last years of his life in philanthropic work, leaving this life when past the four-score mark.

Dr. C., a friend of Mr. Boyd, was attending Mrs. K., who was dangerously ill. The case had reached the crisis and Dr. C. had used all his medical skill without any apparent



effect. As he stood by the patient's bedside he thought of his father, a well-known physician who had passed out of the mortal several years before. "Oh, if father was here he might tell me what to do!"

After these thoughts had formed in his mind he stood for a brief while looking at the lovely, wasted face of the patient.

Suddenly, a thought came like an inspiration to administer a certain medicine. This he did without a moment's delay and anxiously awaited the result. The crisis passed and the patient began to rally; improving day

by day until she was restored to health.

One day when Dr. C. called to see his patient she spoke of the day on which she had been so dangerously ill: "And while you stood there by the bed I saw a tall, elderly man with deep blue eyes right by your side; he looked at me and then he turned toward you."

Dr. C. then told her what he had thought of his father as he stood by her bedside, and added that she had described him accurately.

Mrs. K., who is a lovely character, believes that Dr. C.'s father came back in spirit to help his son.

## EVOLUTION OF BELIEF IN THE SURVIVAL OF SOULS.

*By Capt. W. R. Hodges.*

The recent address of Sir Oliver Lodge before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the essay of Materlinck, the great Belgian philosopher, which have attracted wide attention, relate to the biological and psychical evidences of a life after death. There is a still wider range of scientific investigation in the direction of ethnography, which includes the evolution of belief in the survival of souls from the most primitive races, upward and by orderly sequence to those of the most cultured peoples. To civilized men, with the history of successive generations behind him, all of whom are dead, the shortness of life is a mere truism. Startling as it may seem, the notion of death as due to natural causes does not occur to the primitive savage. In fact to him, the only natural death is that by violence. To be killed in war, or by wild beasts, by accident or

in a quarrel, is natural, and the cause is apparent, but when death comes by disease the first question that arises is, "Who has killed him?" Someone has invoked a malign spirit, he has died by witchcraft. Again, he has a limited and extremely vague conception, when wounded, in fainting fits, in catalepsy or other abnormal states the breath or soul apparently leaves the body for a time and returns again. When death really comes there is a hope that the soul may reanimate the body, and this belief results in the preservation of the corpse. A New Guinea woman kept her husband's body in her hut until it dried up, offered it food and kissed it every day as though it were alive. Such preservation is common among the lowest races.

Herbert Spencer says that throughout the New World "The primitive conception of death as a long-suspended animation seems to have been especially vivid." When once sure that death has ensued, there seems to exist an almost universal fear of the corpse,

that reanimated by its ghost it may return to plague its relations. To prevent this, the dead are placed in a deep dug hole and covered by a great heap of earth, and in some instances a big stone is rolled upon it to hold it down. As the ghosts of murderers were thought to be especially restless, those who pass such graves in Arabia, Germany and Spain throw a stone upon them for the same purpose.

Formerly in England, the poor wretch driven by misery to suicide was buried with a stake driven through him to prevent him from roaming about to the discomfort of the more fortunate. In dreams the savage sees not only human phantoms but the myriad forms of inanimate objects, trees, clouds and running streams, and he therefore infers that all have souls. This belief is called Animism.

Dr. Tyler, Professor of Anthropology in Orford University, England, says, in his great work, "Primitive Culture," "Animism is in fact the ground work of the Philosophy of Religion, from that of savages up to that of civilized man, and although it may at first seem to afford but a bare and meagre definition of a minimum of religion it will be found practically sufficient; for where the root is the branches will generally be produced.

It is habitually found that the theory of Animism divides into two great dogmas, forming parts of our consistent doctrine, first, concerning souls of individual creatures, capable of continued existence after death or destruction of the body; second, concerning other spirits, upward to the rank of powerful deities. Spiritual beings are held to effect or control the events of the material world and man's life here and hereafter; and it being considered that they hold intercourse with men,

and receive pleasure or displeasure from human actions, the belief in their existence leads naturally, and it might be said inevitably, sooner or later to active reverence and propitiation. Thus Animism, in its full development, includes the belief in souls and in a future state, in controlling deities and subordinate spirits, these doctrines practically resulting in some kind of active worship."

Wesley thought that in the next world animals would be changed from their bodily and mental state at the creation. "The horridness of their appearance will be exchanged for their primaeval beauty." The great commentator, Adam Clarke, held that animals must be immortal on the ground of abstract justice: "Whereas they did not sin, but yet are involved in the sufferings of sinful man, and cannot have in the present state the happiness designed for them, it is reasonable that they must have another." Butler, in his Analogy, argues that the brutes have souls. Thus in the psychology of primitive man animals have souls, and these must bear the same relation to man in the next world that they did in this.

The Pawnee's horse was slain upon the warrior's grave ready for him to mount; and the horse of the Comanche together with his pipe, were buried to be at hand in the Happy Hunting Grounds. In 1781, General Count Frederick Kasimir Boos Von Waldeck was buried according to the forms of the Teutonic Order, his horse was led in the procession, and the coffin having been lowered into the grave the horse was killed and thrown in upon it. A survival of this superstition is seen at the funerals of soldiers. At the funeral of General Sherman, in St. Louis, a horse saddled and bridled was led be-

hind the caison on which rested the remains.

The Hindus kill a black cow as an offering to the dead Brahmans, in order that they may grasp the tail in their passage across the river of death. There was once a saying in Northern Europe that he who gave a cow to the poor would find a cow to take him over the bridge of the dead.

*(Concluded in February Number.)*

### THE VOICES.

A sequel to "Glimpses of the Next State," by Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore, author of "The Cosmos and Creeds" and "Glimpses of the Next State." Publishers: Watt & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E. C.

This book is divided into two parts; the first containing records of 1912, the second those of 1913. It includes the testimony of Mr. James Coates of Rothesay, who writes his own account of the excellent sittings held in his hospitable house at Ardbeg in 1913.

The object of the work is to present to those who have neither the leisure, the opportunity, nor the means to investigate for themselves, a compact story of the exhibition of what is called the "direct voice" through the mediumship of Mrs. Etta Wriedt, of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., when she visited England in the spring and summer of 1912 and 1913 at the author's invitation. In 1911 she was at Wimbledon under the care of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and also in Glasgow, where she held one or two seances; these seances are referred to, but not discussed at length. Some details will be found in the author's Chapter X, in "Glimpses of the Next States," published in October, 1911. Price \$1.25. Postage \$0.10.

The "Stellar Ray" commends this work of Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore as a faithful record of his indefatigable persistence in presenting to the world his and other personal experiences in substantiating the fact that "Death was not spoken of the Soul."

### FAIRY GOLD.

#### Hittie's New Year Box.

*By Mabel Gifford Shine.*

Father and Mother and the children were fast asleep, and Hittie was sitting up to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in.

But it was lonely in the library, and Hittie tip-toed about, making sure that all the windows and doors were securely fastened, then descended to the cellar to see that the furnace dampers were right. These were Father's tasks, but he was getting forgetful. Then she stole into the kitchen to see that the pantry door

had been left open to let in the heat, and the bread set in the warmest place to rise, and the milk can placed outside on the doorstep, for Mother's memory was not as reliable as it used to be.

Then she tip-toed up the stair to her own room. There was a birght fire in the grate, and a bright light on the table. Hittie sank into the chair beside the table; she called it her "reading" chair, but it might as properly have been called her writing chair, or her musing chair.

With a sigh of relief she pulled on her soft, warm slippers, took her pen

in hand, then, instead of beginning to write, she leaned back and fell to musing. "Oh, how I wish we were rich. We are so comfortable, but we never have a penny to spare, there is always a certain necessary sum for everything, but nothing over.

"Now the daily routine of family life is such drudgery; the same insignificant things to do over and over every day of one's life; can't omit one day except by shifting the disagreeable tasks on to someone else who is so unwilling that you can't enjoy it. If we were only rich enough now to have a man and a maid. We need them more and more, as Father and Mother are less able; and the children dislike so, everything that is housework.

"And if we were rich how many I could help; people actually suffering for it, and whom nobody notices. The wise ones say that riches do not bring happiness, but I can see heaps of it for me, if I could do the things I know of. Oh, yes,—wish I held riches in my hands; I—"

"Here they are; here are riches for you."

Hittie heard the words distinctly. Startled, she looked about to see who had entered her room, but no one was visible.

"You cannot see me," the voice went on, "I am a messenger from the queen of the Fairies. Fairies hear the thoughts of mortals and carry them to our queen, who treats them as she sees fit. She is very wise, and she has sent us to place riches in your hands."

A strange sensation caused Hittie to open her hands, which she had clasped, and there she saw a small, brown object, the size of a hazlenut.

"It is a fairy box," said the voice, "and it is filled with fairy gold."

Hittie held it up; there was no lock and no lid visible. "You cannot open it," the invisible messenger announced, "it opens itself at the proper time. And the size does not matter, for as fast as the gold flies out more flies in."

"What must I do to make it come open?"

There was no reply; the messenger had gone. The hall clock began to strike. "Why, it is midnight." She held up the tiny brown box: "This is my first New Year's gift. It must be a good omen, a fairies gift."

She took a ring out of a jewel-case and placed the brown box in it. "It won't do to shut it up, I will put it on that bracket, back of the photograph, so when it opens the gold can fly out." Then she laughed, it seemed so unreal. "Oh, I wish I knew how to open it."

Hittie was half way to the bracket; there was a very little click and a flash. "Why it has opened and closed again. It must be wishing that opens it. I wish that we might have a man and a maid to help us, and that they would appear and begin work tomorrow morning. I am so tired of getting up at precisely quarter past six every morning of my life, it seems that I cannot stand it one day more."

The little brown box clicked and flashed again.

In the morning Hittie woke with a nervous start, as usual, listening for the alarm to go off. There was no alarm. After listening for a time, she decided that it was earlier than she thought, and went to sleep again.

When Hittie woke the second time, she listened in vain for the alarm.

Opening her eyes she found that it was daylight and the sun shining in at her window. Looking toward the mantel piece she was startled to find the alarm clock gone. More than that, there was a fire kindled in the grate. "Then it was not all a dream," she cried, and sprang out of bed and ran to the bracket. Yes, there was the tiny brown box in the jewel-case, back of the photograph.

Hittie dressed hurriedly, eager to find out what had happened. "It's too wonderful, too wonedrful," she kept saying. When she opened the door into the hall, the aroma of coffee greeted her. "Really!" she exclaimed, "it is true, there is someone getting the breakfast."

Hittie tripped down stairs and softly opened the dining-room door. The table was set for breakfast, and the room was warm. She went into the kitchen and peeped in. There was the man and the maid, standing by the stove watching something cooking. Presently they looked up and nodded at each other and smiled. "Won't she be surprised, though!"

Hittie burst into the room—"Robert, Lucille, how good of you, you dear things! How in the world did you happen to do it?"

"Happy New Year!" they cried in concert. It's our New Year surprise for you."

"You watch the scrambled eggs and I will tell her," said Robert.

"You wait a Jiffy and the eggs will be done, then we will both tell her," replied Lucille.

"Now you stop hugging us and go over and sit down in the rocking chair," commanded Robert, "and watch us put the finishing touches on the eggs. I learned it at college; you can't beat it."

Presently they came over and sat down, one on either arm of the rocker, and explained. Robert began it. "I woke up in the night and started to thinking about you; all the things you did about the house, and how long you had been doing it, and how you were doing more all the time since Father and Mother are not strong. I felt dreadfully ashamed to think how I had let you get up and start the fires in the morning and do other things that are a man's work. I felt more ashamed to think how I had fussed when you asked me to do any thing. I planned that I would begin the New Year by getting up ahead of you and starting the fires. While I was thinking about it Lucille came in. Said she had been thinking about you. And when I told her my plan, she said she would get the breakfast."

"Yes," broke in Lucille, "and I stole the alarm clock, and I built the fire in your room. Wasnt it lovely to wake up and find a warm room! I cried when I got back to my room to think how you had built fires for me so long, and nobody ever did it for you."

When Hittie set out for market, Robert took the basket and went with her. On the way back she stopped at Aunt Lucille's and Robert kept on his way home. Aunt Lucille was well-to-do, but what the neighbors called "Near."

Hittie was thinking of the shop windows as she rang the bell. "I wish," she said to herself, "that I could have a new dress, but I might as well wish for the moon." Then she remembered the fairy box.

While Hittie was chatting with her aunt, she was surprised to see her start up and almost run into the hall.



"I'll be there again in a minute," she called back as she started up stairs.

The aunt returned with a small parcel. "I bought this for a dress the other day," she said, opening it. "When I got home with it, I was disappointed; the color is so different, and I am sure it is unbecoming to me.

"While we were talking, something seemed to say 'give it to Hittie,'

"It's just the thing for you, and you have such good taste you will make a beautiful gown of it. "Don't thank me," she hastened to say, "you have done many favors for me, and I never did a thing for you; you have earned it and a good deal more."

Hittie left Aunt Lucille smiling, as she had not seen her since she could remember. She stopped at Mr. Atwood's to see how he was getting on. "Oh, how I wish I was rich," she sighed. "I would help these good people."

"It is four weeks today," said Mrs. Atwood, "since Hiram hurt his hand at the machine shop, and the doctor tells him that he must not use it for two weeks longer. It's hard, but we are so thankful it is on worse," she concluded brightly.

That evening as Hittie settled herself by the library fire to dream a little while Lucille did the dishes, which she had insisted on doing all by herself. She thought about Lucille: "She is strong and capable. I wish there was some way for her to earn a little. It would help out so much. She needs things, things she ought to have."

There was a ring at the door. To everybody's surprise Aunt Lucille walked in. "It is so long since I made a New Year's call," she said, "I thought I would come over and surprise you."

After a time she remarked, "I am lonely, and I seem to get more lonely all the time. I wondered if you would be willing for Lucille to stop and read and talk to me for an hour on her way home from school, and if she would bewilling to do it. I will pay her well for it."

"I am sure she will be glad to come, and she will not charge anything for her time," replied Mother; "it will be a service of love."

Lucille looked up from her book: "It's just as mother says."

"All right," replied Aunt Lucille, "but you can't prevent me from doing something for my namesake. I owe it to her. I ought to have started a bank account for her years ago, but I did not do it. I have never done a thing for her. I am going to make up for it now; I seem to have come to a realization of things all of a sudden."

Robert came bounding into the room: "What do you think? A whole lot of things have been sent to the Atwood's, things to eat and things to wear, and they do not know who sent it all."

Then he spied Aunt Lucille and went over and shook hands with her. "Who do you think could have sent the things?" he asked her.

She grew so red and looked so queer that he shouted, "It was Aunt Lucille; three cheers for Aunt Lucille."

"You are so smart," said Aunt Lucille grimly, trying to hide a smile, "I ought to have you over to my place. How about next summer vacation?"

"All right," replied Robert.

"I will treat you better, and give you twice as much as you got from that old curmudgeon of a Prouty."

"All right," repeated Robert.

Hittie sat in her room that night, thinking things over. "I am as rich as can be," she declared, and I have not handled even a penny. Now I understand what fairy gold is."

She went to the bracket to take a look at the little brown box. It was gone.

She took down the photograph; she hunted over the floor in all directions, but no little brown box came to light.

There were some slips of paper on the bracket back of the photograph. Hittie took them up and read them one by one.

"Right Thought.

"Concentration.

"Visualation.

"Expectation.

"Why, these are the slips I brought from Mrs. Alden's Reading Club and I have never thought of them since. I wonder—"

## Stellar Science Department

Horoscope blanks and price lists will be forwarded upon request.  
Stellar Ray, Stellar Science Department, Detroit, Mich.

### THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

Charles Nevers Holmes.

He who hath seldom pondered upon astronomy and its myriad of wonders, cannot possibly comprehend—cannot indeed even dream of—the magnitude of so-called sidereal distances. To him, sidereal distances are related closely to terrestrial distances, and he thinks of such sidereal distances in terms of his own world, a very tiny, minute planet. To him a "journey around the world" is, even today, a long trip, and 25,000 miles represent a considerable distance. To him the moon or the sun seem quite "neighborly," and when he is told during some spectacular appearance of another planet that such a planet is millions of miles away, he naturally thinks of so many millions of miles

in terms of earth's distances. He has not the least appreciation of even a million miles and, for that matter, no human being adequately comprehends such a distance, although some men are better able than others to appreciate sidereal distances.

Thus, around our little world one travels equatorially, so to speak, some 24,900 miles, which if one could pass "through" our earth—say from Boston to exactly the opposite surface—he would find that his "diameter" approximated some 7,900 miles. Here, however, are only thousands of miles; and a "journey to our moon"—were such a thing possible—would amount to only thousands of miles, about 10 times as far as once around our world. And were we able to embark on a vast sidereal voyage, upon some sort of magical aero or ether-plane, we might at the proper time land on

Venus, Mars, and Mercury, and then finally dart past the sun towards Jupiter—that beautiful planet now shining so noticeably in the evening heavens. But golden Jupiter is only some 400,000,000 of miles distant and to reach ringed Saturn would necessitate a journey twice as long, and even then, we and our “ship” would still have to travel about three and three-eighths as far again in order to pass the outermost known boundary of our own “solar system,” that is, to cross the orbit of the sentinel-planet Neptune.

And at this point our “ship” would be “at sea” more than 2,500,000,000 of miles! Behind us would lie Neptune and the other members of our solar system—King Sol would look wholly unfamiliar (that is, even were we able to view him under atmospheric conditions as on our earth)—while before us would lie an utter illimitable ocean of ether. Were we venture-some enough to continue our voyage we should find ourselves, though our ship were traveling with the velocity of light itself, at a really stupendous remoteness from any other sun except our own. Indeed, for a few trillions of miles, as far as we know, the planet Neptune would be our nearest harbor of refuge, although, it may be, that some unknown, unilluminated bodies are present much nearer than we suppose. As astronomical science calculates today, we and our ship would have to “sail” almost 300,000 times as far as from our earth to King Sol, in order to reach the nearest sun outside our own solar system. That would only be a short distance, sidereally speaking, for to reach a certain sun named “61 Cygni”

—which is probably the nearest known sun visible from these Boston latitudes—we should have to travel between two and three times as far. To give a clear illustration of the remoteness of “61 Cygni,” let us suppose that one inch represents the distance from our world to King Sol, then 7 1-2 miles would represent the vastness of the distance from our earth to “61 Cygni!”

Then, after we have reached “61 Cygni,” we are still merely upon the outermost threshold, so to speak, of God’s incomparable universe. Around us—everywhere—there are myriads of sparkling suns—myriads and myriads—multi-myriads—without beginning, without ending. As time itself, as eternity, our Creator’s universe surrounds us, mystifies us. Our minds bridge the awful gulf between “61 Cygni” and the Milky Way, and beyond that most remote Milky Way discern other universes as titanic or even more titanic than our own. Everywhere are suns and sun systems, and where such suns and sun-systems cease finally to exist there is space—indescribable space. There seem to be no boundaries, no limits, no measurements. Our little world has long ago been forgotten—it is truly a non-entity. Our sun, moon, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, are each less than a cipher in the incalculable schemes of the total universe. What are a thousand—what are twenty-five thousand miles—amid such an overwhelming abyss of ether? Man cannot adequately comprehend even a million miles—how can he comprehend the illimitable plan of an Almighty mind—a mind that measures distance not by time, but by eternity!

## The Baseless Fear of War

By Andrew Carnegie.

(To counteract the growing menace of militarism in this country and to promote constructive measures leading to the substitution of law for war, has been for many years one of the chief aims of *The Independent*. We take special pleasure, therefore, in presenting to our readers this article showing the absurdity of taxing our people under the pretext of averting an impossible invasion. No living man is better qualified to write on this subject than Mr. Carnegie, who has freely expended his energy and money in promoting the ideals of international peace and justice, as shown in the endowment of the peace movement, and in the building of the Peace Palace at The Hague, the Pan-American Union at Washington and the Central American Court of justice at Cartago, Costa Rica.—Editor *The Independent*.)

\* \* \* \* As we have outgrown the duel so have we outgrown homicidal war. English speaking men are never again to assail each other. That day has past. Has there ever been danger of war between Germany and ourselves, members of the same Teutonic race? Never has it been even imagined. America, Britain, Germany in China marched their united forces under a German general to Peking, and so will these three Powers some day unite again when danger requires. We are all of the same Teutonic blood and united could ensure world peace. The fourth Naval power is our ally of the Revolution, the sister Republic of France. Could even an American admiral or commanding general succeed in believing that war was possible between the two Republics? This would be found beyond even the wildest flights of his vivid imagination. The Taft treaty submitting all questions to arbitration was signed by three of these Powers, Britain, France and ourselves, Germany, through her Ambassador in Washington by order of his government assuring us of her desire to become a party to the treaty.

This would have been the beginning

of the end. These Powers, once united for Peace through arbitration, intimating to any civilized Powers threatening to break world peace that such action would not be favorably considered and asking that their policy of peaceful arbitration be adopted instead, would not, could not, pass unheeded, and peace would be preserved, and the foulest blot upon Civilization would thus have been erased. The treaty failed unexpectedly to get the required two-thirds vote in the Senate, but let the peacemakers be of good cheer. We hope and believe that the incoming administration is to renew the effort and succeed. There can be no such word as fail in a cause so noble.

\* \* \* \* Think of a European power having to transport an army and its supplies across the Atlantic to attack us, always keeping in mind the question why and with what object. Thanks to our Constitution, if we must repel invasion we shall have the advantage of a civilian commander-in-chief in the President and not a professional theorist, incapable of judging questions of general policy. Here we are reminded of an axiom in business, "beware the expert," especially

those whose life work is dreaming of wars which seldom or never happen. Our naval and military officials must dream of wars since most of them never even see one. They resemble our warships, few of which ever fire a hostile shot, but parade around the world showing their guns as peacocks display their feathers, always ornamental, but seldom useful. Lincoln, with a Stanton, a Grant and a Sherman, is the ideal—not one of whom but came direct from civil life to defend his country. It would possibly be our best policy to invite our invaders to land; guide them into the interior as far as they would go—getting in they would find easy, but when it came to the question how they would get out it would be another story—surrounded as they would be by hundreds of thousands of sharp-shooters from every quarter of the compass.

Our Republic, soon to number 100,000,000 of free and independent citizens, our men old and young ready with their rifles to do or die for their country if attacked, surely every man, even the narrow professional soldier in his sane moments, must realize that no such hair-brained madness as invasion will ever be attempted. Our harbors could easily be torpedoed before the enemy could prepare and arrive. \* \* \* \*

Not one of the three additional warships demanded this year, if built, in all probability will ever fire a shot against a foe, but rust into uselessness—forty-five millions of dollars needlessly squandered. What a waste of capital that could be put to useful ends in improving for the masses the conditions of life. There is to be an end of this folly some day. A man's profession is his hobby; therefore if generals are to decide how many sold-

diers we are to maintain, and admirals how many fifteen-million-dollar battleships we are to build to rust away, farewell to common sense, for there are no extremes to which men's hobbies may not lead them.

True, few if any of our officers of today have ever seen war, and thank God fewer still are ever to see it, but the professional hobby takes root early and grows apace. The writer believes that the President-elect will prove a man of sound judgment; that his first care will be to guard our country from present obvious dangers, while consigning imaginary dangers of the future to the future they belong to—that future in which so many of our imaginary troubles vanish.

#### GIVE US SERVANTS OF THE STATE—NOT HEROES.

Sheldon Clark.

Is there no place on this fair earth,  
Where Wealth rules not the course  
of men?

Are we such fools,  
As to be the too's

Of Mammon in our strife, when  
The world is filled with God-like  
worth?

Are there not men who are aglow  
To realize incarnate Good?  
Who are fully freed  
From graft and greed,  
And seek to serve the heavenly  
food,  
And take the higher path they know?

These men who know of Justice's  
Power,  
Whose linger is the world's delay,  
Whose spirits bright  
Worship the Right,  
The world is waiting for today,  
And stands tip-toe to see the hour!



## NEW.

By Oriana.

New days to be fashioned as I will,  
 With bright or dark, or sad or gay;  
 New Thought to be chosen as I please,  
 For good or ill, for work or play.

New duties to be met as I go,  
 With faces kind or stern, of love or  
 fear;  
 New friends to be greeted as they  
 come,  
 Some false, some true, some cold,  
 some dear.

New paths to travel, all untried,  
 With thorn and flower, o'er dale  
 and hill;  
 New Vistas opening as forth I fare,  
 With voices calling, sweet or shrill.

'Tis mine; this mystic, veiled New  
 Year,  
 I'll gather all the sunshine there;  
 Give thanks for all things, good or  
 fair;  
 I'll flood the shadows with the light,  
 And laugh away all frowning care.

## PURITY, POISE AND PURPOSE.

The Three P's.)

Purity, poise and purpose  
 Will win for use Life's bright suc-  
 cess;  
 They lead to the smile of Fortune  
 And her tender and warm caress.

With a heart that is free from passion,  
 And the calm of a trust in God;  
 And a goal that is worth endeavor,  
 We rise from the common clod.

Purity, poise and purpose  
 Make up the elixir of life  
 That changes to blissful newness,  
 This sad, old world of strife.  
 —Verne Dewitt Rowell.

## WORRY AND HURRY

There are two little demons we have  
 to combat,  
 And their names are Worry and  
 Hurry,

They play the duce with our nerves  
 and all that,  
 But still we keep on with our flurry.  
 We hurry through breakfast, then off  
 like a shot,

We hurry through work till the  
 end of the day,  
 We hurry through dinner, after which,  
 like as not,

We hurry again to be off to a "play."  
 We hurry the baby as fast as we can,  
 Kindergarten and High School and  
 College, you bebt,

Are raced through in our hurry to  
 make him a man,  
 Till his brain is a jumble, his nerves  
 all upset.

Then we wonder why half of the  
 world's inefficient,

As we rampage along in our flurry,  
 I am sure this very good reason's suf-  
 ficient,

It is due to our Worry and Hurry.  
 Do you think after all, it is worth what  
 we pay,

In nervous prostration and number-  
 less ills?

Why can't we take time to live, day by  
 day,

For truly and surely, it's hurry that  
 kills.

—The Nautilus.

O, WOULD I WERE BUT A  
CHILD AGAIN.

Charles Nevers Holmes.

The monarch sat on his stately throne  
 'Mid all the pomp that a king may  
 own,

Yet murmured oft to himself in vain:  
 "O, would I were but a child again!"

The merchant sat in the twilight  
 gloom

Amid the wealth of a gorgeous  
 room,

Yet whispered he in that same sad  
 strain:

"Ah, would I were but a child again!"

An old man dozed by his hearthstone's  
 blaze

And dreamed of youth and its happy  
 days,

Then muttered low in that same re-  
 frain:

"Would, would I were but a child  
 again!"

A mother paused ere the day was done  
 To watch the pranks of her playful  
 son,

And spoke aloud as in sudden pain:  
 Men!

"I would I were but a child again!"

A poet dreamed in his attic room

Of beauty, wealth and spring's ver-  
 dant bloom,

Then woke and sighed like the king—  
 in vain:

"O, would I were but a child again!"

A courage which looks easy and yet is  
 rare: the courage of a teacher repeating  
 day after day the same lessons—the  
 least rewarded of all forms of courage.

—Balsac.

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